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PARANORMAL

Fall
1992

Parnassus

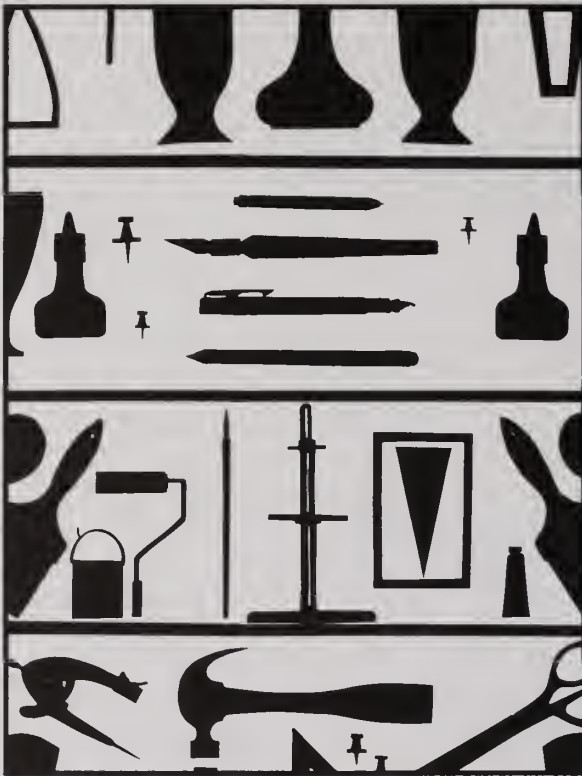
Inter-Arts Magazine
of
Northern Essex Community College
Haverhill, Massachusetts 01830

Fall 1992



Parnassus is the name of the mythological mountain home
of the nine muses who inspired humankind in the arts.

The policy of the editorial staff has been to select material for the magazine democratically. We have read each work submitted and viewed all artwork. We voted to determine eligibility: a majority vote for a piece meant publication. *Parnassus* provides an opportunity for new artists and writers to reach others; it's a showcase of Northern Essex Community College student creativity.



Tara Jamison



Karen Landry



Dave Romano



Joe Hastings

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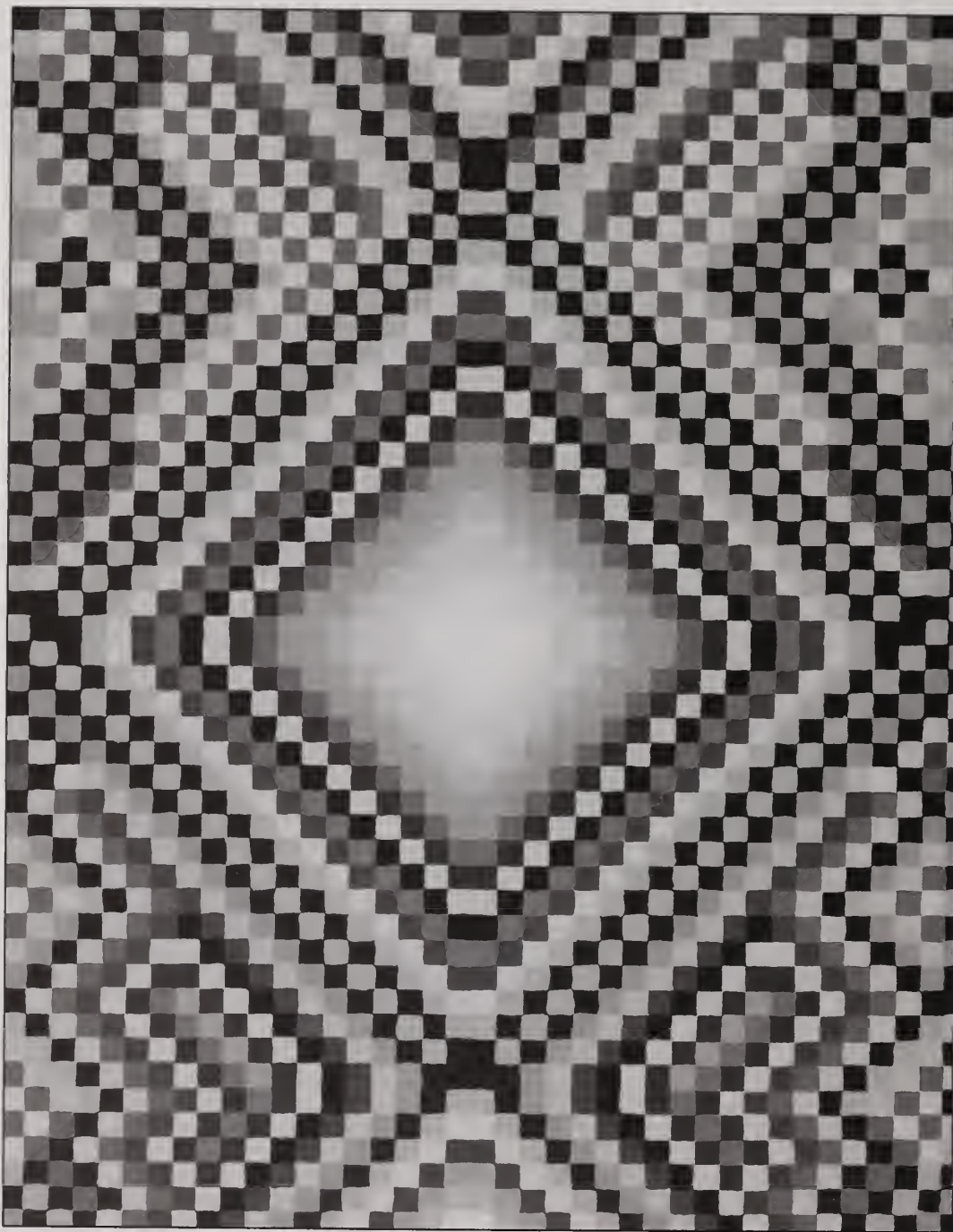


Leaves Die with Dignity

A steady rush of wind outside,
and I knew when I had to go.
I stepped into the evening air.
October air—fitful and chilling.
Gathered in the gust,
the leaves took flight at my arrival.
Dry-brush whispers filled my ears;
the voices of Autumn's lost.
I heard of how the leaves that fell from trees
hadn't done so in surrender.
They had broken their bonds to dance,
departing in a curl of red and gold
to fly—if only for the shortest time.

Jon Glassett





Poppy Arakelian

An Advertised Dream of a Virtual World



Product code bought and sold
to the consumer market plan
Commercializing worlds
existing in a digital land

Strap on head gear apparatus
plugged into digital information
Pull on the gloves and body suit
formed by interactive movement relation

Prepare for a journey through cyberspace
step into the designated room
Press the button and wait for the mind
to be sucked through that world with a zoom

Stereo sound and 3D image
produced by silicon chips
Lifelike pictures of movement
and sounds through millions of blips

Dazzling colors speed by
flying through this universe
With a flick of the wrist and a twist of the head
throwing it into reverse

The sounds change as they move through the range
of the infinite space they create
Able to fly through the blink of an eye
to the mind that lies past the gate

Floating through channels of liquid intellect
brushing shoulders with DNA
The wisdom of the ages summed up in a tone
as the music goes on its way

Suddenly out of the ear shouting
tumbling over into the outside
Back to the colorful sounds of a world
brilliantly flowing like the turquoise tide

Take a left at the pattern with the purple green swirl
feeling its warmth in your soul
The scent of a taste of sweetness once known
serenity of feeling whole

As you move you suddenly feel yourself
fall down into a deep space
The images there are darker more vague
and the sounds are now out of place

Dissonant notes and twisted tones
the space grows walls that start to close in
Darkness colors tasting like blood
can't find an escape no way to win

Banging and twisting break out of the wall
and into another dark land
Who created this world like some kind of hell
falling deeper and deeper losing command

Suddenly a grin comes onto the face
control is in these hands
Flick off the switch step out of the room
and into reality land

Back down to earth grounded now
remove the cybernaut clothing
Quite a trip this virtual world
sold on the idea it's promoting

Computer chip contact lens hearing aid sound
the size of a grain of sand
Choose your software plug in and explore
worlds of a different brand

Jake Trussell







Alicia Daigle

A *Notch*

He claims to want me back,
Says he needs me.
I smile.
I light a cigarette and
Think on this a while.
When the smoke clears out,
So do I,
Leaving nothing behind but
A notch on his bedpost.

Audrey Nicholson

Be patient toward all that is unsolved in
your heart and try to love the questions
themselves like locked rooms...Do not now
seek the answers which cannot be given you
because you would not be able to live
them...and the point is to live everything.
Live the questions now. Perhaps you will
then gradually, without noticing it, live
along some distant day into the answer.

Laura Lennox

I *Am My Pen*

I am my pen
slick and silvery
sharp looking
elegant
bold in manner
beautiful like me

firmly crafted
a divine ingenuity
precision perfect
yet elegant to see

Its ink flows steadily
never failing
smooth and black
that runs deep within me
deep
black like me

Betty Anderson



Two poems by Angelique Pinet



Folds

Lingering landscape, computer flesh
Wandering valleys step above
Searching their souls for greatness
Only empty to hear
The slave of scare.

Running fire
To burn the Great Spirit
Great murder coming about
Jumping out
Laughing loud, but not too loud.

Surface freak only this
Picture the image in you T.V. wonderland
Gaze to find strange at its best
Let go to break out
Gather around this massive feast.

Label has gone to see
Different in the day
Lost is the little one who does not cry
Landing madness and collecting
Portholes to his mind.

Consequence deserves to be taken as
A danger to the things we live
To look for in ourselves
At our fingertips, our souls.
I want to get a glimpse of the dead world at rest.

Lifeless

Everything too much to handle
I can't see their eyes
Finding nothing is so wonderful to some
who haven't yet the strength to fly
or save my gracing tiger's cry.

Lost in wilderness for a while
drinking great lakes of wild slumber
Traveling stones of mountains
and tripping over scandals and liars to be.

Catch the falling seeming torch
to like the way it spins its mind
And letting go for worldly matters
spare the Ancient Ones.

Can you trust what you cannot control?
True time to listen.



Lisa Vivona

Flower in the Trash

Innocence.
Giggling, floating.
"I can't wait to get out
and see my Mommy.
I'll bet she'll be pretty."

Reaching.
Reaching out to signal
it's there.

Alive.
Alive as any tree
that grows
and moves,
but with so much more.

Wondering.
"When will the time ever come?
I can't wait
to see myself.
What I'll look like,
Who I'll be."

Misusing.
Misusing the right to
Life,
liberty and
the pursuit of happiness.
(Who's happiness?)

What's going on?
What ever happened
to people caring
about the innocent?
Protecting the innocent?

A real reason.
No one,
not even Charlie

got punished with
such torture,
and he killed
many people.

Certain Destruction.
Where are we going?
What are we headed for?

Sensing.
"I can hear Mommy talking
to someone.
I wonder if it's Daddy?

Worry.
A tall thin man
with dark hair and eyes
looks toward his point
of adoration.
No longer a sparkle
in his soulful eyes.
Now only worry.

Considering.
"The preacher said
that God loves
All the little children.
"Wonder if He considers them
Little children?"

Evil.
She looks up at him, finally.
Her curly, blonde hair
bobs slightly
against her temples
that are still throbbing.
"Of course they're not.
They're not even
born yet,

and besides
since when did you
start believing
what a preacher said?"

Confusion.
"Oh I haven't,
Of course I haven't.
That'd be ridiculous,"
he says trying to
convince himself.
"When's your appointment?"
he questions,
not really wanting to know.

Lost time.
"Today at,"
she glances at the clock,
ticking away the centuries
and realizes she's
almost late,
"...now."
She runs out the door.

Bouncing.
Bouncing around
inside its home.
More giggling.
"This is fun.
You should do this more often,
Mommy."

Goodbye.
"Hello, Melissa.
My aren't we looking
good today?"
says the short, stocky
brunette behind the desk.
"He's waiting for you."



Andrea Souther

Lying.
She lies down
and asks
"This won't hurt,
will it?"
(Not you)
"Of course not,"
he chuckles,
"I've done this
Hundreds of times."

Jumping.
Excited, interested.
"Done what, Mommy?
Done what?!"
No one answers.

Blackness.
Rolling, or at least
trying to roll,
to see what that
Horrible smell is.
"I can't see it,
Mommy, what is it?
What is this
liquid coming toward me?
Some one tell me please,
I'm starting to get scared."

Touching.
Burning, scorching.
"The things at the
end of my body,
Mommy,
They sting!
They burn!"
More heat,
More flesh,

Burning.
Bubbling,
Crying out in
Agony.
"MOMMY I'M SCARED!!"

Consuming.
"It's the flames of Hell.
Mommy, why am I
Going to Hell?
What did I do wrong?"

Grasping
"Maybe she thinks I'll
be ugly.
I'll be beautiful!
Mommy, I promise!
Just please
make it STOP!"

Crying.
"Mommy, I promise
to be smart, too.
I'll read everything
ever written.
Just please
make the pain
Go away.
Please,
SAVE ME!"

Death.
A blackened,
bubbling corpse
being removed and sacked.
Another flower
In the trash.

Wendy Robinson



Todd Lamond

Two poems by Lydia Bierstecker



Metamorphosis

If I could just for a moment
 unzip me from my skin,
I'd take the sun and the moonlight
 and stuff it all within.
I'd take the sound of the ocean
 and sift it in my ear
and instead of pain and suffering
 the sea is what I'd hear.
And all the clouds and raindrops
 I'd store behind my eyes
to cleanse my inner vision
 and sponge away the lies.
And deep within my beating heart
 the butterflies would wing.
They'd flutter to the music
 that make my senses sing.
I'd pump inside me mountain air
 and breezes from the coast.
I'd wrap my heart in sunsets
 and things that I love most.
If I could just for a moment
 unzip me from my skin,
I'm not quite sure what I would do
 or where I would begin.

Emptiness

If emptiness was something
that could be washed away
like a speck of dust
or a grain of sand;
then I could walk out
from the waves
bathed clean and whole.

But emptiness cannot be held
in your hand
or seen with an eye.
It is nothing. A vacant place
in my soul where fear and confusion visit
but do not live.
A space within to be filled from within.

But how?

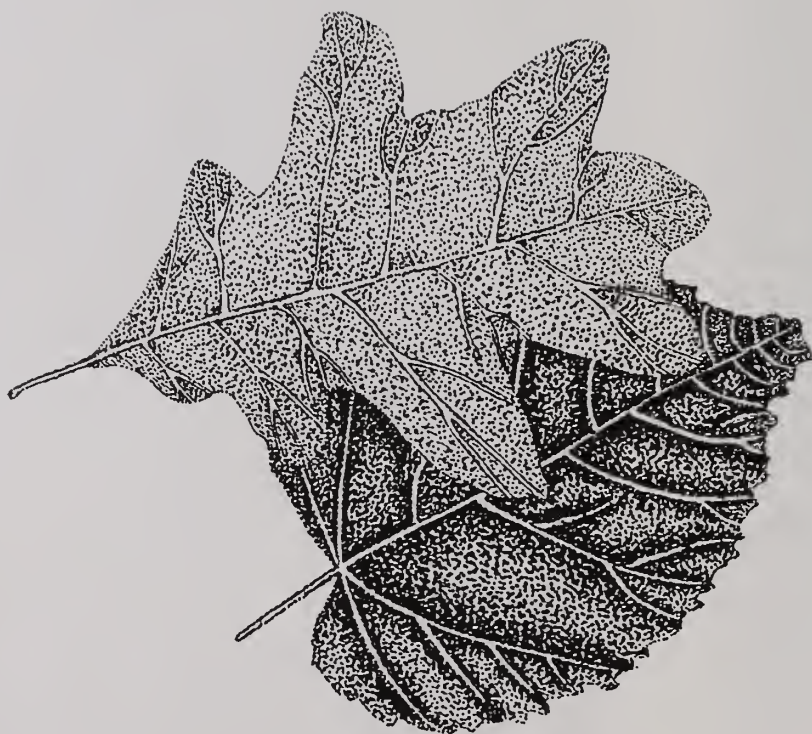


Seth Bunke





Brian Cortez



Dionisio Genao

By Invitation Only



There's a costume ball in the woods today.
Absolutely everyone is here,
swaying and dancing
under the great chandelier.
Isn't it delicious? The maples,
draped in flamboyant hooker's shades,
step brazenly into your path.
If you've got it, flaunt it.
There are birches—pretty, frivolous things,
quivering and whispering gossip.
No staying power.
Calm and remote, the beeches robed in saffron
murmur mantras to the earth.
Standoffish creatures, those evergreens!
Off by themselves, never mingling.
Who invited them anyway?
Ah, there's my love.
Royal in bronze, rugged and enduring.
the oak can tell the story of centuries.
All this season we've worked,
sober and industrious, dressed for honest labor.
Now—changed, for this brief fling.
Walking in the woods, do you imagine
you're alone?

Ellen Rittgers



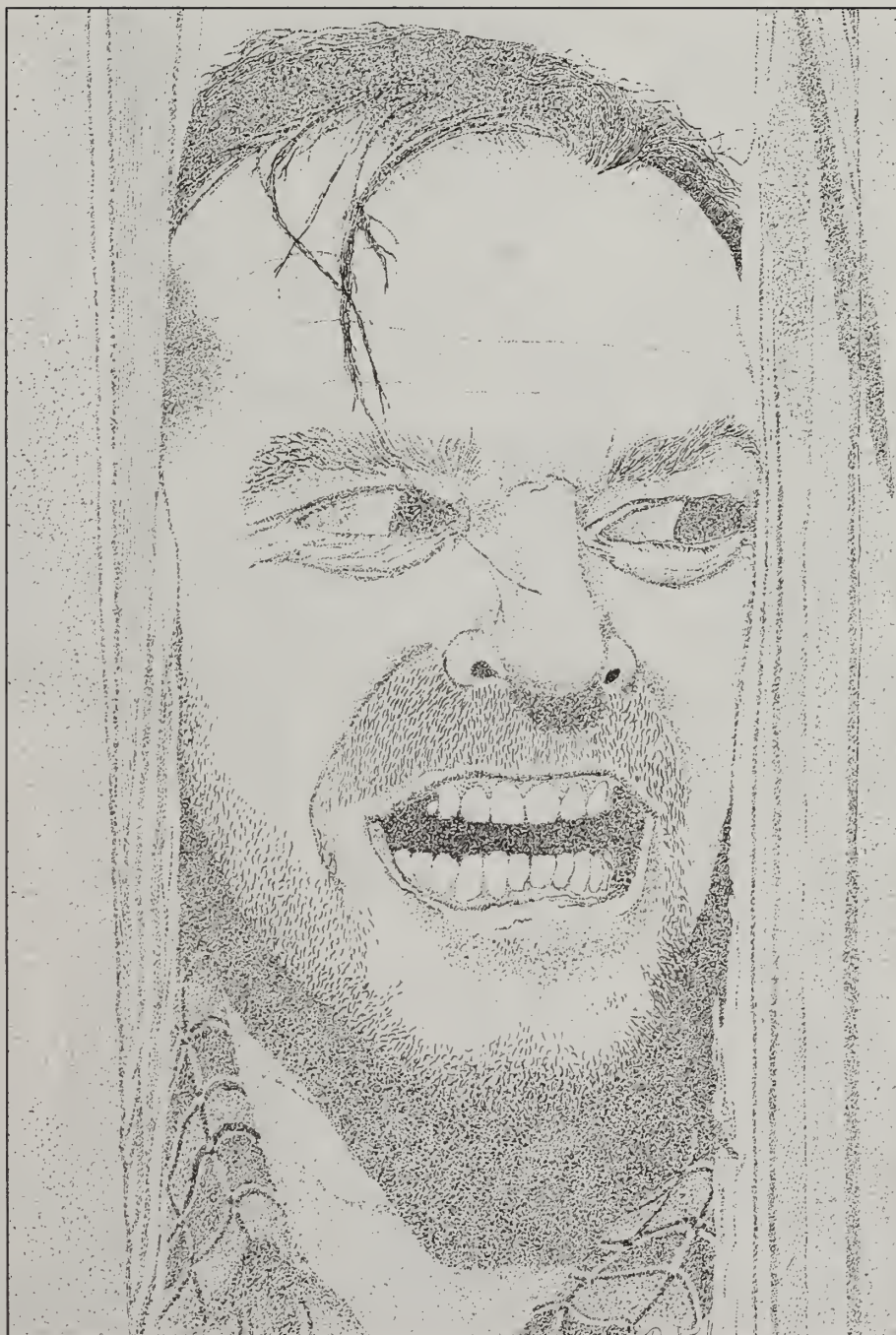
What a piece of work is Coke. How ignoble
in treason. How infinite in caramel. In
form and color how like oil. In nutrition
how like sod. The king of carbonation. The
paragon of poison. And yet, to me, what is
this quintessence of sludge? Coke delights
not me. Nay, nor Pepsi neither, though by
your smiling you seem to say so.

Rick LeBlanc and "Little Billy" Shakespeare



Gary Manning





Derek LeMire



The Writer

Tillich and Lewis
Picasso, Van Gogh,
Friends that I've met
Yet never will know.

I've gained much direction
From their words and their art.
Now, with all of this knowledge
My work I must start.

I write about life—
What I know and I feel.
It helps to distinguish
The pretend from the real.

The Artists and Writers
They've searched and they've thought.
From passion and pain
Great works they have brought.

I may never be famous,
Admired or read,
For I write from my heart,
And not from my head.

I'm awed by the brush strokes
of Cezanne and Renoir,
The stories in paintings of
Monet and Degas.

Thomas A. Kempis
His writings are rare.
As for Frost and Grizone
No one can compare.

I'll continue to struggle,
(In my own quiet way),
To impart to the world
What I have to say.

If someone should choose
To read what I share,
I want them to know
I am glad that they care.

Ann Downer





Happy?

Chains are for discouraging the strong,
keeping them down.
Heaven is for urging us to try,
holding the tide.
Truth is for refusing to be captured,
hiding its face.
Wares are for reshaping
and washing away every trace.

Happy to be alive?
Sorry to be alone?

Seas are for dividing the world,
hiding the shore.
Eyes are for seeing in the dark,
holding the light.
Battles are for pushing them away,
keeping us in.
Feelings are signposts
that tell us where our hearts have been.

Happy to be alive?
Sorry to be alone?

Jon Glassett





Joseph Quinn

Through the Eyes of an Adult

I'm sitting in the dark. It's so dark I can't see anything. I'm little, and I'm afraid of the dark. I have to get out of here. I feel my way around the room, looking for a door, but there is no door, only walls. I start to cry. I don't want to stay here forever. I'm scared. I continue to feel my way around and realize one of the walls doesn't go all the way up. Maybe I can climb over it. I made it. This room is dark too, but not as dark as the other one. I climb over two more walls, it's like a maze, it feels as though I'll never get out. I'm tired. I'll rest here for a while.

When I wake up, I can barely see, but it looks as though there are pictures all around me. I keep climbing and the rooms get a little brighter as I go along. There are more pictures, and I can see them clearer now. I don't want to look at the pictures. They are too scary. The pictures are horrible. They are pictures of two men doing horrible things to me. I don't want it to be me in those pictures, so I keep closing my eyes hoping they will go away, but they don't. I'm scared. I have to get away from the pictures.

Up ahead I see two brightly lit tunnels. I start to run towards them. As I get closer the pictures get more frightening and the tunnels get smaller, so I run faster than I ever have before. When I finally reach the tunnels, they are nothing more than two holes. I'm too short to look through them. I feel discouraged. I'll never get out. I'm stuck here forever. I cry myself to sleep.

When I wake up I see a box. Maybe I can stand on it and look into the holes. I look into the holes thinking it's another room, but it's not. It's another world. I see things I've never seen before. Everything is so bright, and there are lots of people rushing around doing things. It looks peaceful out there. There are no scary pictures. I think I would like to go out there, if I could only get out of here.

I look down and see legs and arms and a body. I'm not in a room. I'm in a big person's body. I realize it's my body, and I'm not little anymore. I like it here on my box, but someone is trying to push me off and make me go back and look at all those pictures again. I don't want to. I start to fight very hard, not with the child's body but with the adult's body I found.

I fight as hard as I can until whoever is pushing me realizes I'm staying right here. I've found a safe place, and I'm staying here forever. No one can make me go back, no one can make me do anything I don't want to do anymore. Those pictures and the men in the pictures can't hurt me anymore. I'm not a child, and I'm finally safe right here on my box looking the eyes of an adult.

La. Andrews



The Last American Hippie

In the sixties, we saw the hippies
Making the sign of peace
We saw them rally night and day
For all the fighting to cease
We saw them marching side by side
Chanting "Peace" along the way
We heard them cry when shots rang out
And we buried J.F.K.

Lee Harvey Oswald didn't act alone
If he even acted at all
Who were the men behind the masks
That made the president fall
It wasn't us said the F.B.I.
Right before they buried Monroe
It wasn't us said the C.I.A.
Why don't you try Castro?

What the world needs now is love sweet love"
We heard the hippies sing
But still we buried R.F.K.
And Martin Luther King

A few years later, Tricky Dick
Gave us all a look
"My fellow Americans, don't you know
That I am not a crook"
Watergate, a quarter late
Ten cents short of a buck
American soldiers spat upon
Of all the rotten luck

Jimmy Carter didn't work for peanuts
And he didn't work for us
And education took a dive
When they forced us on the bus
In the eighties, America lost
The value of a buck
And who can forget that fateful day
When Reagan forgot to duck

Then we all read Bush's lips
And we still didn't understand
Till the last American Hippie
Walked by and said "Hey man"

And gave us the sign of peace

A sign that would have made John Lennon proud

'Cause "What the world needs now is love sweet love"

Ronnie Doe





JST



F.T. Nickerson

Fungusamungus



Fungusamungus eye-socket finger-holes
Human skull the bowling ball of the gods
Rolling down the street avoiding the gutters
Where bag ladies sleep under old newspapers
And dream of aluminum cans

The clank of shopping carts as they
Push their worldly belongings before them
In trash bags
Talking to themselves and looking up at the grey sky
(as if it holds an answer)

Cynical men holding bottles in brown paper wrappers
Taunting the young who walk by
Extending a hand of filth and disease
"Can you spare a dime?"

They'll spend it on booze
 so will he
 so will she
 so will I
(It's good to feel sedated in a world of fungusamungus)

Pass them by and justify your ignorance
Morality full of amendments to do just that
Filled with the knowledge of the dead
(Is the dirt from under the carpet
cleaner than the dirt of graves?)

Fungusamungus gum-ball machine vomiting
Trinkets to children born with the desire to own
Mommy buy me this, Mommy buy me this
Watering the seeds of greed
Sprouting a giant plant with many clinging vines

Life-clock ticking to meet the peer-pressure
Battering ram
Fashion, hobbies, thoughts controlled by
Strangers
It's not only allowed
It's welcome

Young businessmen popping pills and counting money
Wallets fat with the blood of their kills
Never looking back as they climb the ladder
The only way down is to fall

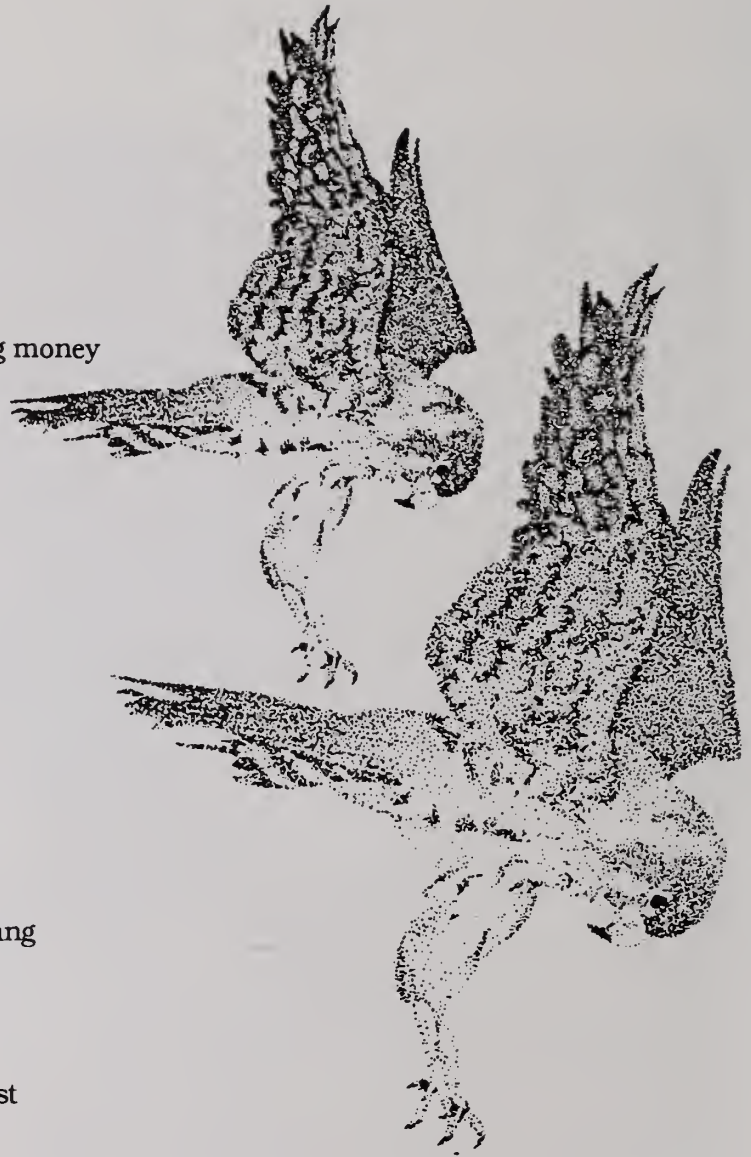
They are blind
Although they can see
Everything has a different shadow
In the world of fungusamungus

Tortured oblong faces place their pace-makers
In dirty, mason jars
Sitting in pews professing love for mankind
While guns sit quietly in their closets

Elderly shunned and forgotten
Swept under the rug of existence
Fungusamungus creeping death taking over
Melting back into the earth from which we sprang

World too old
Gagging on stagnation
Growing hairs of corruption
Fungusamungus forming over its decaying crust
A mold that cannot recede
Society that cannot digress
Locked in a world of fungusamungus
On a path of self-destruction

Eric Lundin



Michael Welch





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Courtesy of Andrew



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